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UNFAILING LOVE.

I read in the dear old chapters,
In times when weary grown,
Of the Love that never faileth
To find and bless its own.
And sweet are the words of comfort
As through the land I go,
For what the Father has promised
He will make good, I know.

No matter what ills betide us
Here in the lower land,
We may turn from the cares that vex us
And find the comforting hand.
We can lean on the love unfailing
Like an arm that is strong and true,
And feel it is sure and steadfast
The whole long journey through.

O Love so like a fountain
The summers cannot dry,
You fall on hearts grown weary
Like rain from a pitying sky.
Refreshed by the gentle shower,
All trustfully we say,
The Love that has failed us never
Will follow us all the way.

—Eben E. Rexford.

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2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

THE WOLF CODE OF BRUTE EXISTENCE.

Years ago in the wilds of the great Northwest an old Indian sage sent his son on a journey to Father Lacombe, a Catholic priest of distinguished service on the frontier for many decades, to learn if there were not some better way of life than the wolf code of brute existence. Lacombe went to the aged man, too weak to go to him. All night, it is said, the white man and the Indian talked together, and there the latter learned as true what his mystic visions had told him might be true—that there is a better way; and that he who seeks in selfishness to save his life shall lose it.

But men everywhere, if not slow in learning this truth, are slow in practicing it.

In an address before the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco a few days ago the secretary of the State Board of Charities and Corrections made the statement, and presumably with authority, that manufacturers and labor men are expressing considerable dissatisfaction with the convict labor law, arguing that it displaces workingmen on the outside and also takes from manufacturers the state's trade for supplies. For this reason, it is said, plans are being laid for a vigorous effort to get the law repealed by the next legislature.

Here, it would seem, we have a manifestation of life according to the wolf code of brute existence. The law is a good one and it ought to stand. To keep prisoners in idleness is inhuman. Moreover, if properly enforced under capable management, there is promise that it will make the state prisons self-supporting.

Further, this law, if wisely carried out, will send the prisoners into the world, when the time comes for their release, with that knowledge of some trade which will enable them to earn a living, and free them from the strong temptation to step at once into crime again.

In our judgment only selfishness, or shortsightedness, can lead anyone to seek the repeal of a law having the promise of so much good. Because of its humaneness, if for no other reason, it should be allowed to stand; and this, even though no benefits accrued to the prisoners other than those arising out of exemption from enforced idleness.

WORLD-WIDE PEACE FORESHADOWED.

On the eve of his departure for the Orient last week President Jordan of Stanford University expressed the belief that Japan would soon be brought to enter into a general arbitration agreement with the United States, such as is contained in the treaties now being negotiated between the United States and Great Britain and the United States and France.

At a dinner given to Admiral Togo in the White House at Washington last week President Taft, in addressing his distinguished guest, said that he entertained the hope with confidence that the time is not far distant when Japan would see fit to join in the movement so auspiciously inaugurated.

The visit of Dr. Jordan to Japan as a representative of the International Peace Society doubtless will aid in the consummation of this.

It was not for Admiral Togo, of course, to speak for the Emperor or the Japanese nation, but all indications are to the effect that if these treaties are ratified Japan will not be slow in climbing up to a like honorable position. In his book on "Bushido," Professor Inaza Nitobe of the Imperial University at Kyoto says that the great changes which have come about in Japan in the last few decades are due to "that sense of honor which cannot bear being looked down on as an inferior power." Stating that intellectual and moral Japan was directly or indirectly the work of knighthood, and quoting a national maxim, "the best won victory is that obtained without the shedding of blood," Profesosr Nitobe declares that this and other things show that the ultimate ideal of bushido or knighthood was peace.

Accordingly the innate principle of present-day Japanese life urges them not to war but to peace. Their ambition, if they are true to bushido, is to be at the front in those things which entitle a people to the first place.

When, further, is taken into consideration the fact that the Japanese believe, as the Japanese-American Commercial Weekly said recenly, that because of commercial relations an American-Japanese war is "the wildest dream that Japan can ever dream," there is every reason for the belief that President Taft's confident hope will be realized soon.

With general arbitration treaties between he United States and Great Britain, France and Japan, the next step to be taken would be the bringing of the four together in a comprehensive treaty, and so a big stride made toward world peace.

In this event Germany could hardly afford even from her own selfish standpoint to remain aloof, and a new era would be marked in the world's advancement. Wars would cease on the face of the earth, and the glad day be hastened when God's will shall be done here as it is done in heaven.

GERMANY AND WORLD-WIDE ARBITRATION.

Germany's desire for expansion by territorial acquisition causes her to look on arbitration with less favor than other nations. She is well aware that the United States will never allow her to establish herself in a colonial way on this continent, and Great Britain and other nations control in one way and another great reaches of territory that could be snatched up by Germany only by war. Accordingly Germany does not care to enter into agreements for peace. Germany was never happy over the agreement be-

tween France and England as to Morrocco and Egypt.

Hans Delbruck, editor of the Prussian Year Book, sets forth in the following the feeling of Germany as to her territorial limitations:

"Our people were occupied until the end of the year 1871 with the task of establishing national unity and independence, which the Western nations had already succeeded in securing centuries earlier, and were unable until our own time to take part in a great colonial policy in other parts of the world.

"Enormous tracts of America, Africa, and Asia today speak English, Spanish, French, or Russian, or are subject to these governments; even small states, such as Holland and Portugal, have considerable colonial possessions. The Germans have only been able at the last minute to bring under their sceptre a few fragments of insignificant extent and limited value. But, from the first moment when we announced such an endeavor, England, which already unites under her crown a full fourth of the entire human race—four hundred million souls—has pursued our effort with ardent jealousy and placed obstacle after obstacle in our way.

"Even in Turkey, where the nature of the case excludes any German acquisition of territory, and where we sought for nothing beyond commercial activity, with a view to the uplifting of these anciently civilized lands, England has raised so many difficulties that we have been able only slowly and step by step to advance the great undertaking of the Bagdad Railway. Is the great German people to permit itself to be permanently enclosed within its continental frontiers, and from behind them to observe how England, France, Russia, the United States, and Japan divide the world among themselves? The fatherland must larger be, seems to be the answer to this inquiry. Southern Morocco, with its Atlantic ports, its rich hinterland, is worth a good deal. Some day in Wilhelmstrasse the German statesmen may decide that it is even worth a European war."

Here we have it in a nut-shell—Germany's reluctance to enter into agreements for arbitration! There is other territory that the Geman people think their statesman may sometime decide to be worth a war, and they wish to be free to wage war whenever in their judgment such a time shall come.

Germany may be permanently closed in as she now is; but she never will accept the situation contentedly, not at least while national boundaries exist and other nations reach out in aggrandizement. Germany may, with good reason be look on as about the last nation to enter into arbitration agreement with the other nations of the world. And when she does come in it will be because the combination of the other nations will preclude all hope of success for her if she should wage war.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

A church in Wales, founded in 1590, has had only four ministers in 218 years. Pastorates were long there.

A new book dealing with the adventures of Robert Louis Stevenson in California is to be published soon by the McClurg Company of Chicago. Katherine D. Osbourne is the author.

There are more than a million Jews in New York City, and nearly six hundred thousand Italians. There is accordingly on American soil a Jewish city larger than Jerusalem ever was in her palmiest days, and an Italian city larger than Naples. Next to the Italians in New York come the Hungarians who number 200,000. There are 50,000 foreign-born Greeks.

The Rev. William Oleson, who is superintendent of mission work in the Territory of Hawaii under the Hawaiian Evangelical Board, reports that Christian men in the islands who have grown wealthy continue to take the same personal interest in churches and missions that they took aforetime. He does not think this to be so much a characteristic of men who have amassed fortunes in the States.

Newspapers are published in New York City in twenty-eight foreign languages. They are: German, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, Finnish, Hungarian, Croatian, Lithuanian, Ruthenian, Slovenic, Slovak, Polish, Bohemian, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, Hollandish, Roumanian Bulgarian, Servian, Greek, Arabic, Syrian, Armenian, Chinese and Yiddish. Besides these there is an Austrian and Swiss paper published in German.

In a sermon on "Silencing the Lord's Song," given in London, the Rev. C. R. Brown said: "In my country we find it a great advantage for the college boys to sing their college songs, for it tends to cultivate the college spirit. In our civil war we found it a very great advantage when our men in blue stood up shoulder to shoulder in solid ranks and before they went forth to battle sang the battle hymn of the Republic, "Mine eyes have seen the coming of the glory of the Lord." Their work was all the better done because they had expressed their determination in song. Cromwell's Ironsides marched out on Marston Moor singing, "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered"—they expressed their determination in song and then wrought it out in cold steel. Martin Luther went out against spiritual adversaries in the song, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott"—"A mighty fortress is our God." Let the best in life go forth in terms of melody, and it becomes a prophecy of the spiritual victory that lies ahead. In any strange land of struggle and disappointment and defeat sing the Lord's song, and by-and-by the land will not be strange.

AN EVERY DAY CREED.

In connection with the observance of September 3 as Labor Sunday, the Rev. Charles Stelzle of the Presbyterian department of Church and Labor has prepared the following "Every Day Creed" which is being issued in the form of a souvenir card:

"I believe in my job: it may not be a very important job, but it is mine. Furthermore, it is God's job for me. He has a purpose in my life with reference to his plan for the world's progress. No other fellow can take my place. It isn't a big place, to be sure, but for years I have been moulded in a peculiar way to fill a peculiar niche in the world's work. I could take no other man's place. He has the same claim as a specialist that I make for myself. In the end, the man whose name was never heard beyond the house in which he lived, or in the shop in which he worked, may have a larger place than the chap whose name has been a household word on two continents. Yes, I believe in my job. May I be kept true to the task which lies before me—true to myself and to God who entrusted me with it.

"I believe in my fellow-man: He may not always agree

with me. I'd feel sorry for him if he did, because I myself do not believe some of the things that were absolutely sure in my mind a dozen years ago. May he never loose faith in himself, because if he does, he may lose faith in me, and that would hurt him more than the former, and it it would really hurt him more than it would hurt me.

"I believe in my country: I believe in it because it is made up of my fellow-men—and myself. I can't go back on either of us and be true to my creed. If it isn't the best country in the world, it is partly because I am not the man that I should be.

"I believe in my home: It isn't a rich home. It wouldn't satisfy some folks, but it contains jewels which cannot be purchased in the markets of the world. When I enter its secret chambers and shut out the world with its care, I am a lord. Its motto is service, its reward is love. There is no other spot in the world which fills its place, and heaven can be only a larger home, with a Father who is all-wise and patient and tender.

"I believe in today: It is all I possess. The past is of value only as it can make the life of today fuller and freer. There is no assurance of tomorrow. I must make good today."

THE POPULATION OF OREGON.

In an article by Burton J. Hendrick, entitled "The Initiative and Referendum in Oregon," in the July issue of McClure's Magazine, there was the following:

"In its settlement, Oregon drew upon many of the best elements in the American stock. The Western coast was settled largely by New Englanders, many of them seafaring people. There is a tradition that, when the time came to name their leading city, the pioneers tossed a coin to determine whether they should call it Boston or Portland; and Portland today, with its central green, its general atmosphere of quiet respectability, strongly resembles a New England town."

Mr. L. B. Shippee, of Forest Grove, writes in the New York Evening Post: "I desire to call attention to an error, apparently common, regarding the elements of population which settled Oregon. While Washington would probably more nearly measure up to Mr. Hendrick's statement, Washington and Oregon have been very different, in elements of population, in forms of government, both State and local, in general atmosphere, till within the past ten years or so. Oregon drew its people but slightly from the Atlantic coast: the belt of states, including Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Missouri furnished, in the early days, the bulk of the population of the Willamette Valley, which, for many years, was virtually Oregon. Based upon nativity figures, as given in the United States Census, the above mentioned commonwealths contributed, in 1850, 30.6 per cent of the total inhabitants of Oregon; in 1860, 22 per cent; in 1870, 14 per cent; in 1880, 12.8 per cent. If, for the same years, we add to this the quota afforded by Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, a group the southern portion of which contained muchthe same social elements as were to be found south of the Ohio River, we acount for respectively, 48.7 per cent., 40.2 per cent., 25.5 per cent., and 23.7 per cent of the total population.

Perhaps it may be affirmed that, more than any other one commonwealth, Missouri shaped the early development of Oregon, primarily by furnishing a large portion of the people, and consequently by moulding its institutions. According to the census of 1850, of the 13,294 souls in the Oregon Territory, 16.5 per cent., were born in the Compromise State; in 1860, 10.8 per cent; and it was not till 1870 that New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania together sent as many migratory spirits to the Pacific Coast as did the one Middle Western State. Hence, it is to be seen that New England alone played litle part in the earlier days; in fact, in 1850 only 4.2 per cent. of the Oregonians were New Englanders by birth; and, by decades, the proportion from the northeast stood at 3.13 per cent., and, even in 1890, but 4.5 per cent.

"Since 1890, the Alantic Coast has contributed somewhat more in propórtion than previously, yet the mass of incoming population—and it is estimated that beteen 25,000 and 30,000 entered the State during one "boosting" month of the past spring—continues to come from the Middle West, Kansas, and especially Nebraska, now vying with Missouri for the largest fraction."

DR. MEYER REPORTS IN LONDON ON HIS VISIT TO PRESIDENT TAFT.

Members of the Free Church Council had a garden party in London one day last month at which the Rev. Dr. Meyer made report of his visit to President Taft with the Council memorial on the arbitration proposal.

"The interview," said Dr. Meyer, "was graciously fixed by the President for Saturday, June 17, at the White House. Dr. Sandford, secretary of the Federal Council of the American Churches, accompanied me, and representing as he does 17,000,000 members, he was not only a welcome, but a valuable ally. The President had not forgotten our meeting last year, when he addressed a Sunday-school gathering of 10,000 persons, under my presidency, and when I had the opportunity of expressing our British appreciation of himself and Mrs. Taft. He invited us into his private room, where I read and presented the memorial, and we sat pleasantly discussing the whole situation. I was charged to convey his profound appreciation of the memorials, as a further evidence of the desire of so many in Great Britain and the United States for the settlement of international disputes by arbitration. He was extremely gratified by the widespread, unanimous and enthusiastic endorsement of his proposals. He said that he had not taken the matter up lightly, and that those who knew him best would bear witness that when he took up a question of this kind he would certainly see it through. He expressed his warm sentiments also towards the British people. I assured him that his was one of the most popular names in the British isles, and that to mention him was to elicit an invariable burst of applause, whilst in many of our churches his name was mentioned in prayer coupled with those of our Royal Family. The interview was a very delightful one. The President told one or two good stories—and he is a past-master in the art of the raconteur—and ended by inviting us both to share in his silver-wedding festivities on the following Monday. It is unusual for a Britisher to receive a card of invitation to the White House, and I shall always treasure it among my mementoes.

"It was my pleasure, immediately afterwards, to call on the British Ambassador, Right Hon. James Bryce, and congratulate him on his share in formulating the treaty. He told me that it had already been transmitted to Lon-

don, and spoke of it as likely to date a new era in international relations."

The British Weekly states that several visitors from the United States and Canada were inattendance at the garden party and that at Dr. Meyer's request they arose and received a British cheer.

A NEW AND ATTRACTIVE FEATURE AT THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES.

Arrangements have been made to have five addresses, at the annual meeting of the Washington Conference of Congregational Churches in Seattle next month, by Professor William Adams Brown, of the chair of systematic theology, Union Theological Seminary We understand that they will consider some of the phases of present-day theology—and these at times in contrast with that of former days. This will be an attractive feature of the conference and doubtless will draw an unusual attendance. Our Washington brethren are to be congratulated and their good fortune envied. We read not long ago a very informing article by Professor Brown on a kindred subject. After defining the old theology and the new he considered the relation between the two, saying in part:

"What ought to be the attitude which we, who call ourselves representatives of the new theology, take toward the persons and the institutions which represent the old?

"If the conclusions which we have thus far reached are correct, two positions which are often taken on this subject are excluded. The first is the position of those who maintain that there is an absolute antithesis between the old and the new theology, so that the only self-respecting position for the new theologian to take toward the old is that of Cato toward Carthage; the second is that which contends that the two are in substance identical, and that the apparent difference is a matter of phraseology and can be corrected by a change of words.

"It is not true, in the first place, that there is an absolute antithesis between the old theology and the new. On the contrary, they have many things in common. Common to both are the fundamental elements of the religious experience, the sense of dependence and of reverence, the consciousness of sin, the longing for salvation, the joy of the soul in contact with God. Common to both are many truths and experiences which are specifically Christian. The conception of God as loving as well as just and powerful, the acceptance of Jesus as the supreme revelation of God, the substitution of an ethical and social for an individualistic and selfish conception of religion, the kingdom of God as the goal of effort and the unifying principle for thought. Common, finally, to both is faith that God is in essence rational, and the effort to give to the content of his revelation a form capable of rational understanding and defence. Here are great reaches of common territory, too broad to be overlooked, too valuable to be lightly abandoned.

"Yet though there is so much in common, there is a real difference between the two. There is, first of all, the fundamental difference in method, which we have already described, a difference which carries with it in either case a consistent view of the world and leads to corresponding differences in practice. The old theology retains in its thought of God an element of arbitrariness and of mystery, and this sense of the unknown hampers it in its practical activities. There is a realm of effort and of aspiration, congenial to the Christian spirit, from which it feels itself debarred. There is a great gulf fixed between world and church, secular and religious, and that gulf must remain for all time. The new theology recognizes the separation, but refuses to regard it as permanent. The gulf is here to be bridged, sin to be replaced by righteousness, ignorance by knowledge, selfishness by love, the kingdoms of the world by the kingdom of the Lord and of his Christ. This difference is a real difference, and the new theology would not be true to itself if it did not make it apparent.

"The true attitude of the new theology to the old, then, would seem to be that of a criticism which is rooted in sympathy. A part of its effort should be to give a more adequate intellectual expression to the body of convictions which the two hold in common because they grow out of similar religious experiences; a part should be to draw the consequences of the deeper religious and ethical insight for which the new view of the world makes room, and so to open the way to a better and more satisfying experience."

Going back now to that part of the article in which Professor Brown considered the new theology we quote the following:

"Here, too, the abrupt contrasts of the old theology have disappeared from the new. Sin is not a foreign intruder making its appearance in the universe suddenly at a moment of time, and bringing about an abrupt transformation in human nature as a whole. Sin is the inevitable result of certain tendencies inwrought into the structure of human nature. It is the survival of the animal in man, his failure to rise to the higher capacities within him. So, salvation is not an act wrought once for all in some transcendent realm. It is a process going on through the ages, and rooted as truly as sin itself in the nature of man. Atonement is not the great exception, it is the universal law of all true living. Calvary is a principle as well as an event. As Horace Bushnell, one of the greatest of the new theologians, has put it, 'A cross has been among the perfections of God from all eternity.' So under other names, justification and sanctification are experiences found outside of Christianity. The Church is not composed of exiles from the world, it is the first fruits of the society that is to be. Jesus is not God and man; he is God in man, the first-born among many brethren, but the type to which all mankind is ultimately destined to conform.

"These changes in the interpretation of the divine activ-ty involve a corresponding change in the view of the divine character and of God's relation to the universe. The dualism in the Calvinistic conception of God disappears. God is not thought of as separate from the universe, but rather as its immanent law. He is not a transcendent being living in a distant heaven whence from time to time he intervenes in the affairs of earth. He is an ever-present Spirit guiding all that happens to a wise and holy end. We meet him in nature. We meet him in history. We meet him in the Bible. We meet him in the lives of great men, and supremely in Jesus, the ideal man, through whom he has given us the clearest revelation of his character and purpose.

"And wherever we meet him he is always the same. He is not sometimes just and sometimes loving, but loving in his justice and righteous in his love. He has but one

purpose, which animates him in all that he does, and that is to make individuals like Jesus, and to unite them through brotherly service in the ideal society. In a sense far higher than the old, the new theology makes earnest with the christlikeness of God."

DR. STALKER IN VICTORIA.

Mention has been made in previous numbers of The Pacific of the presence in Western Canada for several weeks this summer of the Rev. Dr. James Stalker, professor of church history in the United Free Church College at Aberdeen, Scotland. Most of Professor Stalker's time was spent at Vancouver, where he lectured for some time at the summer school of theology. During the period of his stay at Vancouver he went over to Victoria, and a portion of an address, which was made by him at a reception tendered by ministers and laymen, has come to our notice. It is as follows:

"When a speaker stands up in a foreign land it is safest to speak to the audience about themselves, for this is a subject of perennial interest, and he has to consider whether anything is being talked of in the country from which he comes which will be of equal interest. But in the present case it is unnecessary to make this distinction, because nothing is talked of in the country from which I come but Canada. Last year 70,000 people left Scotland for this land of hope and plenty. I know it is useless to ask you to refrain from tempting my fellow-countrymen away from their native soil, but I will venture to say, 'Take good care of them when you get them, and especially supply them well with the ministry of the Gospel.' Here the ministers partake in the general optimism, which is outspoken and unconcealed. Such a state of mind is a little trying to a stranger. Have you heard the definition of a pessimist?—a person who has been talking with an optimist. But to talk with a hundred optimists produces a rather withering sensation. It would, however, never do to find fault with your faith in your own country or your own city when one comes from a country that has as good a conceit of itself as Scotland, and a city where the best-known proverb is, 'Tak' awa' Aberdeen and twal' mile roond aboot it, an' far are ye?'

"I will spare you my views on Imperial unity, reciprocity, and even universal peace, but perhaps I might say a few words on the union of the Churches. As you may be aware, a committee of 100 men from each of the two great Presbyterian Churches in Scotland has been sitting for two years to consider the causes of separation. I am not sure that, in this movement, the Scottish Churches have been altogether uninfluenced by what was done in Canada long ago to unite Presbyterians, or by what you have been doing recently towards a wider union with Methodists and Congregationalists. On your union negotiations I will not say anything, and on those in Scotland I will not say much more; but I can say this, that I have generally gone to the meetings of committee in depression and doubt, but come away from them with exhilaration and hope, so much has contact with Christian brethren warmed the heart and removed misunderstandings. It may be that the warmth will extend and intensify till those who are profiting by the connection with the State, which is known to all to be the real obstacle, will voluntarily dissolve it for the sake of union, or some other way of reconciling rival interests and anxieties may be discovered; but at least one result will be that all denominations will receive from the State such a recognition of their authority in the spiritual domain as will save us from a repetition of the fiasco of 1904.

"The churches," Dr. Stalker said, "are feeling their way towards more intimate relations with the Labour leaders, and when they do so they meet with anything but a cold reception. The recent legislation for old age, unemployment, and ill-health, associated with the name of Mr. Lloyd George, is generally looked upon as a great illustration of the Christian spirit in the action of the State. There have been times in the history of the old land when religion appeared to be dead. Such a time was that of Bishop Butler, who sadly confesses as much in the preface to his great work. To meet the giants of unbelief he and other scholars went down into the valley with the weapons of reason. But that was the very time when there appeared two Englishmen, Wesley and Whitfield, who did not go down into the valley of argumentation, but appealed, over the heads of the combatants, straight to the conscience of the common man. And the response came. It came not in drops, but in floods. The conscience, it turned out, was not dead, and it seems to me our strength lies in believing that the instinct for God, the instinct for immortality, the instinct for the true, the good, the beautiful, are never dead. Only let the speaker who appeals to them have in himself something of the passion for God, the passion for Christ, the passion for men, and the access to the heart for the message of the Gospel will be found as open and spacious as it has ever been."

"A BARGAIN COUNTER OF INTELLECT."

The annual meeting of the College Equal Suffrage League was held recently in San Francisco. Such was the representation and such the speech-making on that occasion that President Jordan of Stanford spoke of it as the bargain counter of intellect.

"I never saw so much distinction in so small a space before," said Dr. Jordan. "I feel very much like a mere man in a bargain-counter rush; only here it is the bargain-counter of intellect."

In the course of his remarks Dr. Jordan said that he believed woman suffrage to be inevitable. He was not of opinion that it would bring the millennium immediately, but that would arrive with due dignity and deliberation.

The Reproach of Unladylike Behavior.

Among the addresses was one by Miss Miriam Michelson on "The Reproach of Unladylike Behavior."

Starting with some reference to the women who are opposed to equal suffrage, "some of whom we love, and all of whom we deplore," Miss Michelson said in part:

"The bogey of unladylike behavior has terrified the race for generations. With the women, the fear has been for their reputation, and with the men, for their dear women folk. There is a group of opponents who sit in tearful dread, maintaining a silk-mittened attitude while they pray that the bolt of suffrage lightning may not strike them. That type predominated a few years ago. But fashions in ladies change, as they do in everything else.

"Thousands of years ago it was ladylike for women to do everything useful—to plow the fields, cultivate the crops, rear and care for her family, as well as bear them. About one hundred years ago the test of real ladyhood was to be perfectly useless. To meet it we crippled our

feet in China, we disfigured our bodies in America, and everywhere we hobbled our brains. Who indeed would be unladylike?

"There was an age when it was ladylike to dance half-clad before a king, and to demand the head of a saint upon a charger. Salome was a perfect lady, according to the fashion of her day. Time even was when it was ladylike to rip out a round oath, to cheat at cards and to plot to kill. Who could say that Queen Elizabeth was not a lady? Once it was ladylike for a woman to ride on horseback behind a man with her arms around the man.

"In the time of St. Paul and in that of Susan B. Anthony, it was unladylike to speak in public. In a short generation that fashion in ladies has changed. It is now ladylike to speak in public if one's address is inoccuously feminine and if the heart of brain is not touched. To be always in tears, and to faint on all occasions, was in the time of Clarissa Harlowe most ladylike. Now it is most ladylike to stand up, face things as they are, and accept them like a man; to be an athlete is possible, if not, a trained nurse or a physician.

In this day it is unladylike to question the sources of one's income, provided it is sure; or to question the economic conditions that make it possible for one man to have a yearly income of $25,000,000, while his employee is scarcely able to earn $1.50 a day. It is ladylike to cheer one body of men who are going out to fight another body of men whom they have never seen; to be content with a front seat in life, and to forget those who are obliged to stand crowded together at the back of the hall. The same standard makes it ladylike to smile at reformers with a faint toleration which demands no understanding of their actions.

"My quarrel is not with the real lady. It is with the type of lady who has no other qualities than those implied by the men who say at a banquet, 'The ladies—God bless them!' after everything worth while has been spoken.

"As the fashion in ladies has shown itself so elastic, we may epxect that the suffragist will some day become the accepted type, and a departure from it will be looked upon as unladylike.

"If suffrage will not bring in a new and better style in ladies, if it will not make women as intolerant of social evils as of family evils, it will fall short of the mark set for it. If it will, we can afford to take the reproach of that dear old anti-suffragist, Mrs. Grundy."

A PRAYER.

Not for the blazoned sorrows, Lord,
That flount their purple in the market place,
But for grief's fearful, secret sword,
That hides its piercing from the daylight's face,
Pity, I say.

Not to those ills the world may know,
Nor plaints, whose moanings all the world may hear,
But to the lonely midnight's woe,
That lurks 'neath laughter in the noontide clear,
Give ease today.

Not for those weeping ones, who share
Their tears with others, in a mingled rain,
But for the silent brave, who bear
With smiles their burden of an unguessed pain,
For these I pray.

—Lillian White Spencer, in The Metropolitan.

A NEW BOOK BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

"The Labor Question."

This book, published by the Pilgrim Press of Boston, is a book which ought to be welcomed alike by the employer and the employed. It is an able effort on the part of one who has the interests of both at heart to bring them to such an understanding and co-operation as will be of profit to each and avert impending social revolution and widespread economic disaster.

Considerable of the contents of the book was published a few months ago in The Outlook; but the value of these parts has been added to by letters and newspaper comments which came to Dr. Gladden at the time they were appearing and since. These form the basis of several appendixes which throw light on the subject.

The question is considered under five divisions: The Case Against the Labor Union, The Reason for the Unions, Industry and Democracy, Cross Lights and Counter Claims, The Church and the Labor Questions.

Dr. Gladden believes in labor unions of course; every enlightened fair-minded man must so believe in this age of the world; but he goes farther than this and stands for the closed shop. He makes it clear that resort to violence is not an essential element in trade-unionism, that its leading representatives discountenance and denouce it. John Mitchell is quoted as having said: "It is sometimes claimed that no strike can be won without the use of physical force. I do not believce that this is true; but if it is, it is better that the strike be lost than that it succeed through violence and the commission of outrages. Employers are perfectly justified in condemning as harshly as they desire the acts of any strikers who are guilty of violence. I welcome the most sweeping denunciation of such acts, and the widest publicity that may be given them by the press."

Among the letters received by Dr. Gladden was one in which was the following paragraph:

"Is it not true that union men know themselves to be safe, as far as fellow-members are concerned, no matter what acts of violence they commit against a non-union man or a 'scab'? Then is not everyone of them 'particeps criminis'? When union officials honestly do what they claim to the world to do in the repression of violence, then these acts will almost disappear."

To this Dr. Gladden answers: "There is no doubt that union men are quite too tolerant of such disorder, and that by refusing to take vigorous measures to prevent it, they often incur a fearful responsibility. Here is the weak point in their case. Many of them are too willing that bloody and desperate deeds should be done in their interests. Many of them have too much faith in carnal warfare and too little in reason and patience and good will. Yet I should be far from believing that every one of them is consciously or intentionally a partaker in these crimes of violence; nor is the sincerity of John Mitchell and those of like mind to be impugned because their followers sometimes trample on their counsels."

Dr. Gladden adds: "I quite agree, however, with my correspondent, in saying that union officials could put an end to most of this violence if they were determined to do it; and the fact that it is not done is a heavy count against them."

In this connection Dr. Gladden feels constrained to remark: "And it must be admitted that the attitude of the labor leaders in the recent cases of the accused dynamiters leaves much to be desired. Organized labor cannot stand

in an equivocal position before crimes of this nature. Somebody has committed each one of these dastardly crimes, and no people in this country have so much interest in getting the miscreants detected and punished as the leaders of organized labor."

Among those writing to Dr. Gladden after some of the articles had appeared in The Outlook was one who mentioned some of the petty and puerile restrictions upon work imposed by labor unions. The writer, a journalist, said:

"In the course of the holiday advertising rush one of the evening papers found itself receiving more business than could be accommodated in its composing room, which was then somewhat limited in equipment, and the matrix of a full-page advertisement was secured from the morning paper in which it had appeared that morning, payment for same being duly made to the proprietor of the morning paper. This advertisement appeared in the evening edition, the only additional labor involved being the casting of a plate from the matrix. Happening in the office the next morning, which was Sunday, I found a couple of advertising setters busy in the composing room an unusual thing for that office. Investigation showed that these two printers were at work on the advertisement which had appeared the evening before. This was set up in the regular way, proofs taken and read, corrections made, and everything put in readiness for the stereotyping-room, after which the page was torn down and the type distributed. It seems that a ruling of the Typographical Union makes such a procedure necessary whenever there is an interchange of matrices among offices, and the object naturally being to secure the maximum of work. Here was a case when two of the best compositors in the office spent the better part of Sunday, probably at time-and-a-half, in producing an article which was absolutely worthless, merely because of an arbitrary union regulation. To me it seems a practice with less excuse than the limitation of a workman's daily output."

Dr. Gladden's comment on the foregoing is: "There ought to be statesmanship enough in a union as intelligent as the Typographical Union to put an end to this sort of thing. The slight economic advantage which the union secures by such a rule is offset ten times over by the disguest and ill-will which such a measure is bound to excite, not only in the employers, but in all just-minded people."

If labor unionists were tofollow the suggestions made directly and indirectly in this volume by Dr. Gladden, who evidently has their cause as much at heart as the most devoted union member can have, they would bring to themselves so many friends and supporters that they would soon be well nigh invincible. We have no doubt that Dr. Gladden, with all his previous knowledge on the subject, was enlightened not a little as to the petty restrictions and tyranny of the labor unions after these articles appeared in The Outlook. We doubt whether any man can realize how exasperating they often are until he has come up against them in his own business.

Contemplate the action of a union in San Francisco inaugurating a strike a few years ago for increased wages to the extent of fifty cents a day in the Union Iron Works at a time when the average profit on the wages paid was a cent and a half a day!

As an illustration of the great difficulty in dealing with labor unions, or in discussing this problem. We have Dr. Gladden's statement that some very censorious letters on his articles have come to him from workingmen. In our judgment Dr. Gladden is so fair and so much with the workingman and the unions as to give just a little ground for the impression that he is not quite just with employers—at least that he fails to make prominent enough in the body of his book the difficulties of their situation. Nevertheless, it should be noted that "some of the most cordial expressions have come from the employers of labor."

In the chapter on "Industry and Democracy," Dr. Gladden says: "It is well, therefore, for our captains in industry to consider carefully what may be involved in their refusal to recognize or tolerate the only method by which the working man can assert and maintain his rights. It is a perilous thing, as history shows, to deny the manhood of the common man. Kingdoms and thrones have been shaken by that refusal; the kingdom of capitalism is by no means secure against such an overturning. The danger of the hour, as it appears to me, is that our captains of industry will array against themselves the gathering might of resistless democracy and be trampled in the dust. It would be far better for them and for the common man, and for all the rest of us, if they would keep the leadership of industry. Leadership they can have, if they have sense to claim it and wit to exercise it—leadership, but not lordship. Industrial democracy wants leaders, but not autocrats; and large rewards and precious—not billions of dollars, but blessing and honor—are waiting for those who have the vision and the courage for this high service.

"Industrial democracy means giving the wage-workers through collective bargaining, a voice in the determination of their share in the joint product. It does not mean the domination of the business by the men and the subjugation of the employer, though this is the employer's apprehension, and this is the notion that sometimes gets into the working-man's head."

In this connection mention is made of the remark recently by Mr. Keir Hardie, M. P., that the working class was about to become the ruling class. "Pardon, Mr. Hardie, but in democracy there are no ruling classes. We call no man master, not even the walking delegate. And inverted feudalism, with the common man on top, would be no whit better than the old-fashioned sort with the common man under foot. We will have neither of them!"

It is not surprising that Dr. Gladden, optimistic as he usually is, should say in one of the appendixes to this book: "Sometimes it looks as though the chasm which divides the two classes were growing too wide and too deep to be bridged or filled up, and that nothing could avert the struggle in which the existing industrial order must be overthrown. This, however, expresses the hope to which he clings: "We are going to work together, all classes, men of capital, men of brains, and men of brawn, to build a real commonwealth. So shall we realize our democracy. It has never been anything more than the skeleton of a democracy; so long as industry is feudalistic it cannot be. But when the common man is emancipated and called into partnership by the captains of industry, we shall have a real democracy."

An earnest of this he finds in recent changes: "Within the last generation we have seen the feudal rulers of Japan resigning their power and entering heartily into the life of the commonwealth, with great honor to themselves and great profit to their nation. It is not incredible that many of our captains of industry will discern the wisdom of a similar sacrifice. Indeed, there are those among them to whom this solution of the labor problem seems altogether feasible."

As we finish our survey of "The Labor Question" by Dr. Gladden there come to mind the words of that great forerunner and prophet of democracy, Walt Whitman:

"I speak the pass-word, primeval, I give the sign of democracy.

By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms."

Commenting on this in 1892 Edward Carpenter, in whom the spirit of democracy loomed large, said: "When this idea permeates the nature it generates a feeling of brotherhood very different from that condescending pity which a benevolent peer might entertain for a starving needle-woman. It is democratic sympathy born of the conviction of spiritual solidarity, of the belief that no one can develop his spiritual life apart but that we all are necessary to one another. It may be doubted whether a single human being on this planet feels this truth through and through; but to Whitman it was fundamental. His spiritual life is possible only through his interaction with the social whole."

It was this conviction that gave Whitman power. It was this that sent him to pour out his very life for the sick and wounded soldiers during the civil war; it was this that made him identify himself with all classes, even the most degraded, saying:

"I will walk with delinquents with passionate love.

I feel I am one of them, and henceforth will not deny them, for how can I deny myself?"

It is to such a democracy that Dr. Gladden's book points. And in such a democracy only will people ever find peace and satisfaction.

WHERE BLACK MEETS WHITE.

A London Interview as to the Racial Problem in the United States.

A representative of the British Congregationalist interviewed last month in London, Dr. W. E. DuBois, of Atlanta, Georgia, with a view to presenting the present position of the race problem in this country.

Dr. DuBois is one of the most cultured of the Negro race. He is a Ph.D. of Harvard University, a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and was for thirteen years Professor of Economics in the University of Atlanta. He is now Director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. He has written a number of books on the problem of the colored races, and has in hand a novel—to be published in the autumn—dealing with the same subject.

Fusion or Segregation?

Discussing first the racial conflicts imminent in many parts of the world, the newspaper man asked Dr. DuBois what he thought was the wisest policy—fusion or segregation?

Dr. DuBois replied that, in his view, the different races should be allowed to develop their own individuality. Any group of people who historically had lived for a long time together were bound to attack problems in a particular way, and therefore were able to contribute something of value to the world with regard to its problems.

"On the other hand," Dr. DuBois added, "it is not possible that any race can be wholly segregated. Any desire for segregation would be suppressed by the race having the larger amount of power. Races are more and more coming into contact—in some cases into very intimate contact, as in the United States, where the presence of negroes in such large numbers would make separation impossible for economic reasons.

"Indeed, it seems to me that there must be in the future a larger and larger contact between the races of the world, and that there will come naturally some intermingling of blood—though not very much for a long time.

"But the result of the various races living together will bring about what is far more important than physical contact, and that is spiritual contact. People are coming to be more and more familiar with the ideas of other groups, and thus are able to adopt or reject those ideas, and in that way to develop their own individuality. For instance, while it would be wrong, on the one hand, to force the Chinese to adopt English methods, it would, on the other hand, be equally wrong that the Chinese should not know more and more what English methods are. There is, I think, in the tendency today to keep individuality of race, a little danger of hindering a race from knowing and understanding great modern ideas; and that should be guarded against.

"You have, for example, in South Africa, a tribe like the Basutos, with a very interesting past, and a very interesting present development. Now that development should be allowed to go on its own way. You should not leave them without ideas of modern European development, but they should have freedom to adopt them as they will."

The Color Problem in the United States.

"Do you think the color problem in the United States is approaching any solution?"

"That question can be answered 'Yes' and 'No.' On the whole, I think I may say, 'Yes.' After all, the real problem there is that of people living together of different grades of culture. That problem is being settled gradually because of the advance of the negro. Every year there is a larger proportion of colored people who in education and general ability are in every way the equal of the average white people. The improvement in that respect has been very rapid during the last twenty years, and we can look forward to the time, in the not very far distant future, when the average of the negro in the United States will be quite equal to that of the whites.

"On the other hand, there is racial prejudice, the dislike of the stranger, the opposition of people of different physical appearance and different ways of looking at the world. That kind of prejudice, unreasonable as it is, is just now on the increase, but I think we may safely assume that it will not continue for an indefinite time, but will disappear as the real ground of difference—the difference of condition—is done away with."

Its Acutest Phase.

"What do you think is the acutest phase of that problem.

"The greatest difficulty," replied the doctor, "is the economic one, the question of allowing the negro to earn his living. The first difficulty is that of training. As a workman he is not so well trained as the white man, for the apprenticeship of slavery is not a good training ground for modern work. Then there is the second difficulty, that if he has the training the doors of opportunity are shut against him in all sorts of ways. Often he is refused work because he is a negro, shut out from trade unions, refused promotion because no negro must have authority over white people. All this makes it difficulty for him to get

an economic training which will enable him to go forward.

"Then, to maintain his economic position, a man must have political power, and in the great majority of cases—particularly in the South—the negro is disfranchised either by State law or by the local administration.

"In many cases," continued Dr. DuBois, "they are making opportunities for themselves. For example, a colored boy in New York could not get into a shoe store to learn the inside of the retail trade, though he might be taken on as porter. But in a State where there is a larger colored population he could get into a negro shoe store. When a negro wishes to enter a new line of business he finds great difficulty in learning it. But, having once got over that initial difficulty, they begin to train their own people, and so their opportunities are enlarging.

"Here and there you find that a man has pushed his way to the front by sheer ability. One of the chief mechanicians in the factory of the Aeolian piano player is a colored man, and one of our biggest firms of automobile manufactureres employ a negro as foreman."

"The religious aspect has its own difficulties?"

"That is true," Dr. DuBois replied, "because in the United States religion has done very little to solve the race problem.

The Religious Aspect.

"Before the war the Churches, with one or two exceptions, would not touch the slavery question. The Quakers stood out against it, and the Congregationalists, who were largely a Northern Church, were pretty outspoken. The Methodists split on it. On the whole, the Churches would have nothing to do with the question, and the anti-slavery people had to go out of the Churches to make their fight. After the war the Churches turned their attention to the education of the negro, and subscribed large sums of money for that object, the Congregational churches being specially prominent. But when it came to admitting the colored people to membership every single Church 'backtracked,' and practically the whole Church of the United States split completely, and the white and colored people meet separately. It is quite the exception for a colored man to be a member of a white church, and I do not know of a single white man who belongs to a colored church. In some cases, as with the Congregational and Methodist Episcopal bodies, the colored churches are affiliated with the general body, but in the case of the Methodist Episcopal Church there is a movement to get rid of the mass of colored members. The Episcopalian Church, with which I and my family have for long been associated, has its colored membership, but it is only small, because it has never been encouraged.

"I do not, of course, believe, so far as religion is concerned, in separate Churches. So far as social organization is concerned, the Negro Church is the great center of that work, and it has done splendid work in that respect. But the existence of separate Churches does not encourage among the negroes any respect for the religion of the whites, the impression being that the white people by enforcing such separation, are not carrying out the principles which they profess."

"Does your experience of the two races give you the impression that in the matter of natural capacity the negro is in any way inferior to the white man?" he was asked.

"I do not believe," Dr. DuBois replied, "that the negro race is in any way inferior in natural capacity to the white races. I have attended white schools, I have taught both white and colored children, and I have visited the schools of nearly all European nations, so I speak after a good deal of experience in that line, and have no hesitation in the matter.

"Of course, the negroes have their special perils, the greatest being the loss of self-respect, the danger lest they should become ashamed of themselves. When that happens they cannot attain their best. The great thing is that a colored man should retain his self-respect in the face of a civilization that does not respect him."

"What would you say is the supreme talent of the negro people?"

"I think," said Dr. DuBois, "that probably the greatest things that they will do for the world will be in the line of art—in music and in color—and in literature. Usually, of course, the negro has been looked upon as a laborer, and latterly as a skilled workman. He can undoubtedly do a great deal of the world's work in that way, but his genius lies rather in his delicate perception of music and color."

"What line of evolution is the negro race in America now following?"

"Being largely shut out from the white world they have formed their own internal organization, which has made the United States a colored world with its own books, its own newspapers, its own books, its own public speakers, its own schools, and with the beginnings of its own theatre. Of course, inside that growth there must grow up diversity of opinion as to the adjustment of relations with the white people, and I think the distinct lines of cleavage will be these: There are those who believe that equality of rights will not be attained within any reasonable time, and consequently the negro must make himself useful to the white man, must bow to his whims and prejudices. There are others who say that such conditions would be only temporary, and that in the long run the negro must be measured by his absolute accomplishments, and that consequently he must arrange his education so as to make the best trained men, organize his economic life so as to get rid of the incubus of prejudice, must in general assert himself as a man, and aspire to form a group of men civilized according to modern standards."

A closing reference to Dr. Booker Washington's great work in America elicited the remark that this work during the past fifteen years had been directed largely to the training of negroes in trades.

"The result has been," said Dr. DuBois, "that a great many men have gone into skilled trades, and many have accumulated property. Where Dr. Washington's program has failed is in the training of leaders and teachers. The work has been highly successful so far as it goes, but it has not touched the greatest need of the day—the providing of men for leadership and for the teaching of others.

"While the United States has poured out a great deal of money on industrial education, it has starved and frowned upon the training schools which have made these industrial schools possible."

I saw eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright.
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
Driv'n by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow mov'd. —Henry Vaughan.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Oakland Boulevard.—A movement for a church building has been inaugurated.

Rohnerville.—Three persons were received into membership at the last communion service.

Sebastopol.—The Rev. R. S. Nickerson has closed his pastorate at Rohnerville and has entered on the work at Sebastopol.

Avalon.—Through the kindness of the Bannings a free reading and rest-room will be in operation after the season closes. Their canvas city office furnished and with fine electric light will be turned over to the Rev. M. A. Martin, who will make of it a fine warm room for public use from 8 a. m. till 10 p. m. every day till next season opens. One hundred and twenty-five people can be accommodated and services will be occasionally held there. Rev. Dr. Fox and Rev. Dr. Walker are to preach here this month. On a recent Sunday Rev. M. A. Martin accompanied by Rev. Father Williams of the R. C. Church at Avalon conducted services together for the Whittier Reform School boys who were camped four miles from Avalon.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. and Mrs. T. V. Lewis of Rio Vista are spending a part of their vacation in Berkeley and Oakland.

The opening exercises of Pacific Theological Seminary for the year 1911-1912 will be held next Tuesday forenoon.

The Chinese Mission House at Fresno was not entirely destroyed by fire, but the insurance company allowed the full amount of insurance, which was $1,800. The fire originated in another building and spread thence to the Mission building.

The Rev. H. H. Wikoff has gone East to participate in a campaign in New England for the Church Building Society. He will be absent about two months. His office in San Francisco will be open as usual, and all correspondence should be addressed there.

The Congregational Club of San Francisco and vicinity will have a meeting in the evening of September 7th. Addresses will be made by Secretary Ryder of the American Missionary Association, Dr. Cadmus of Peoria, Illinois, and Dr. Aked of San Francisco.

MINISTERS' MEETING.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity had the pleasure last Monday of listening to an address by the Rev. Herbert A. Jump of New Britain, Connecticut, who is supplying the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Oakland for a few Sundays. New Britain is one of the New England cities in which religious conditions and church work have been greatly changed by the advent into the factories of large numbers of foreigners. In the public schools twenty-three different nationalities are represented; in the churches and church work, eighteen different languages. The South Congregational Church of which Mr. Jump is pastor makes use in its work of seven different languages. The pastor of a church of twelve hundred members in a city in which nearly four-fifths of the people are foreign-born has unique and interesting experiences and Mr. Jump told some of them in an interesting and graphic way. It is worthy of special note that New Britain, though populated by so many foreigners, is one of the most law-abiding cities in this country. A large proportion of arrests for crime is among the Americans.

Next Monday the address at the meeting of the ministers will be by Professor Buckham, on "Church Life and Worship in Europe."

On Monday, August 28th, a union meeting will be held in the Y. M. C. A. Building, at which time consideration will be given to arrangements for the evangelistic meetings to be conducted by Gipsy Smith later in the year.

The Home.

THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

He had played for his lordship's levee,
  He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
  And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
  And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said—too late—"He is weary!
  He shall rest at least tonight!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
  As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
  A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violincello,
  And they heard him stir in his bed:
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!" was the last he said.

SPEAK WHAT GOOD YOU CAN.

A group of us, of which a newspaper artist was one, were discussing things journalistic the other day, and the conversation turned upon the work of several of his brother artists, says a writer in The Philadelphia Evening Times. With each one who was named he had some fault to find. The technique of the first was "rotten." The faces that the second drew had no expression; the third had no sense of motion. The fourth was a fairly recent draughtsman, but didn't have a real snappy idea once a month.

Now, all these criticisms may have been absolutely fair and just. But even if they were absolutely merited, that could not prevent the instinctive feeling that swept over all of us that this man was jealous of the men he criticised.

Never run donw the achievements of any one in the same line of work that you are. It doesn't pay. If you must

show your critical ability, show it in regard to some kind of work that you do not do, for otherwise, no matter how justifiable your criticisms may be, you will always run the risk of arousing in your hearers the antagonistic feeling, "He is jealous!"

The feeling may be entirely unjust and unfounded. But unjust or not, it is a feeling that it pays to avoid rousing when it can be done as easily as by keeping one's mouth shut at the proper time.

A young teacher came to me the other day highly indignant.

"Some of the folks from my home town," she announced, asked me what I thought of Ruth as a teacher. I don't like her methods at all, so I just said so, and explained where I thought she was wrong, and now I hear I am terribly jealous of Ruth's successes. Now, isn't that unjust, when they asked me themselves?"

"Yes," I admitted, "unjust, but inevitable."

"What else could I have said but what I thought, when they came and asked me?" indignantly.

"Isn' Ruth good in some things?" I asked.

"Yes, but I told them her good points," hotly.

"Well, couldn't you have stopped there?"

"But that wouldn't have been telling the whole truth," argumentatively.

"Need one always tell everyhing one knows and thinks in order to be truthful?"

"No-o," thoughtfully, "I suppose not, but I wasn't jealous. They asked what I thought and I told them."

That's the way we feel when we try to be honest critics of our fellow-workers. But that also is the way we are all apt to get judged. And I don't think it pays. If ever it becomes necessary to judge a brother workman's output for some one who desires to know its value with a view to purchase, one must, of course, speak of defects as well as merits.

But under any other conditions it seems to me it is far better from a purely utilitarian, as well as a moral, standpoint to speak what good one can and then lock one's lips.

HOW HAST THOU FARED?

Body, how hast thou fared today?
"I have had the best that the world can give;
With my costly feasting and rich array.
Where is the prince who could better live?"

And how has it been with thee, O soul?
"I have lived on a crust or two of prayer,
And had not a vestment that was whole—
Ay! how much worse could a beggar fare?"

—Charlotte Fiske Bates.

THOU SHALT BE FREE.

Some day thou, too, shalt go,
Shalt pass beyond the gate,
Beyond the sunset's glow,
Beyond the ebb and flow
Of time and change and fate;
See what there is to see,
Know what there is to know,
Be what is thine to be.
Soul! Soul! Thou shalt be free
That day when thou shalt go!

"THE FINEST OF THE WHEAT."

By Evelyn Orchard.

To bear the yoke in one's youth is a small matter, though to youth it sometimes seems grievous. But as we grow older and all the faculties of body, soul and spirit grow a little tired, we crave, not unnaturally, respite, if not complete immunity, from sordid care. Yet to many the evening-time is not the signal for rest, but rather for some increased accumulation and exercise of all the energies in order that the demands upon them shall be adequately met. Stephen Brand was not a particularly ambitious man; most certainly he had never at any period of his life, even its most strenuous and productive, tried to get rich quick, or to achieve independence at cost to others. His business life had been a singularly blameless one, and in the midst of much commercial sharp practice he had kept himself practically unspotted from the world. As he emerged from the train at Gerrard's Cross and turned towards the stile which would lead him by way of the field paths to the home he had established in the country, he told himself that he had been ill requited for his abstention from the modern methods. Though not an old man, his experience told him that at fifty-three a man has passed, and that probably at some considerable distance, the high-water mark of his achievement. It is not easy for fifty-three to begin again, or to adjust its experience to an entirely new set of demands upon it. He had that day, at his office at Eastcheap, had the unpleasant task of facing an unfavorable—nay, a distinctly menacing—balance-sheet. Things had not been going well with his somewhat old-fashioned firm for the last two years, but it was only now that he and his partner, Gerald Pycroft, had faced the situation seriously. It arose out of Pycroft's expressed wish to retire from all active participation in the business. He had amassed what, for a bachelor, could be called a comfortable competency, on which he proposed to retire to his beloved Devonshire, there to pursue the study of botany, to which he was devoted. Stephen Brand did not actively regret Pycroft's retirement. He had been for some considerable time a mere cipher and a bore, whom clients particularly and very openly desired to shun. But when the division came to be made, both their eyes had been opened to a very undesirable state of affairs. The business was not only on the wane, but was without prospect for the future. The tide was passing, if, indeed, it had not already passed, them by. And George Brand was not ready yet for that contingency, if, indeed, any man can ever be said to be ready for it. He had fairly large and decidedly expensive family, consisting of five sons and daughters, still at various stages of their education, and costing many hundreds in each year. He had not married until he was thirty-five, so that his eldest daughter was only seventeen. Francis, the eldest son, two years younger, had just gone to a public school, and his brother Cyril was at hardly less expensive preparatory one, while the two younger girls were with a highly salaried French governess in the schoolroom. What Emmy, his wife, would say was the uppermost thought in his mind as he walked across the fields in the sweet October dusk to the pretty old-fashioned country house they had bought for the sum of 6,000 pounds about five years before. It had been a long price for a house in the country, and their means had hardly justified it at the time; but Emmy was very keen

on it, and Stephen had thought that they could afford it, and pointed out that in a neighborhood being so much exploited residentially it would easily be a good investment. The situation now, however, left Brand with no alternative but to leave it. The thought gave him a distinct pang as, stepping through the little wood which skirted the beautiful old-world grounds, he came upon the long, low, rambling house which he loved because it was his home, and in it he had spent some of his happiest hours. Brand himself was not afraid of poverty. He had known it in his youth, and all its limitations but he was not sure about his wife. She was one of these silent, reserved women, very dignified and gracious, but who always leave something unrevealed, even to their nearest and dearest. When such women are married they are much beloved, and never have to complain of or to dread any disloyalty on the part of their husbands, which might be a lesson to the women who are in haste to give everything away. Undoubtedly at times as a wife Emmy Brand was a little cold; as a mother she was perfect, and Brand had even sometimes had a dull ache at his heart, one of unacknowledged jealousy of his own children. When he entered the small drawing-room, where he knew his wife usually had tea, she expressed the greatest surprise at seeing him one hour and a half before his usual time.

"We had an audit today, and the business was got through more quickly than usual," he explained. "I was too fagged to start anything fresh, and, besides, I had something I wanted to speak to you about."

"Yes, dear, but you will have some tea first," she answered. "I think you look a little tired."

Her tone and glance were exceedingly kindly, but not too affectionate. They would not move a man to take her in his arms; at least he would be afraid to venture if he had something disagreeable to communicate. Brand looked at her with a fresh admiration, thinking how well she became her beautiful frock, and how the room, full of treasures, arranged by an eye and a hand that had the artistic touch, made a fit setting for her. Her could not picture this gracious, dignified woman, with the air of ladyhood, in a horrible little suburban house, the sort of house he had ben trying to conjure up when trying to face the inevitable. He had not shrunk from it in any sense, because he was an honorable and upright man, who would not stoop to juggle with circumstances, even if they cost him dear. While tea was being brought and placed on the table she talked of what she had been doing that day, with special reference to a new grape-house in which they had both been deeply interested.

"Rushworth thinks the estimate may be exceeded by about 30 pounds, dear, if he carries out my suggestion. I told him to go on, as I was quite sure you would not mind. It will be so much better to have all the glass connected. We should save it in men's wages in a year."

Brand assented, and when the servant went out of the room he drank off a cup of tea as if to brace himself for an ordeal. At the moment he was going to speak his eyes were arrested by a small prayer-book in green morocco with silver corners, a very old, shabby book he had often before noticed on his wife's bedside table. Casually he wondered what it was doing in the drawing-room at five o'clock in the afternoon.

"You were going to tell me something—about the audit, perhaps"? she said, with her glance of calm inquiry. "Have you satisfactorily wound up the good Pycroft so that your clients may at last escape possible boredom?"

There was a gentle raillery in her voice, which was never unkind. A sarcastic or biting tongue is not a becoming adjunct to a gracious woman. Emmy Brand disliked very much the would-be clever talk of some of her more up-to-date friends, and never emulated them in that direction. She had certain old-fashioned ideas about women, and was bringing up her daughters in the faith in which she herself had been reared.

"To bless, to comfort" and, when (necessary, "to command"), might have summed up Emmy Brand's conception of the whole duty of women. Small wonder that the heart of her husband had up till now safely trusted in her! But now he was not sure, and the uncertainty caused stammering on his tongue.

"We haven't had a good audit, Emmy; in fact, I've had a very bad time today, and—and things are not going well with us, not as well as is desirable or necessary."

"Are they not? Have another cup of tea and tell me about it. I have never asked any question about business, Stephen, because I have always thought that a man should be able to leave it behind, unless he is worried or any reason arise for him to consult his wife. Has that time come now?"

She poured out his tea, and handed his cup with a perfectly steadly hand and a mouth that smiled. It was not a small mouth, but in repose, or when it smiled, it held great sweetness and character. The woman with such a speaking mouth was no fool.

"The time has come now, yes, and I'm sorry for it, Emmy, we're up against a big thing. There are liabilities to be met that will tax the whole of our resources."

"You are not referring to what Mr. Pycroft will take out of the firm, I suppose?"

"No, no, it has nothing to do with him. It will only affect those who are left," he returned hastily. "And the most dismal part of it is that the business, as a business, is not in a fit state to stand. It has gone down, steadily down, and the contracts we have in hand are hardly worth considering as an asset."

"It doesn't sound nice," she said quietly. "But tell me exactly what it means. Shall we have to retrench violently, leave—leave Pinfold?" she asked, with a betraying tremor of the eyelid.

"I'm afraid so," he answered thickly.

"And if we do that, and—and retrench all along the line, can the position be retrieved?" she asked.

"With hard work, the sort of work I used to do at the beginning of things, Emmy, I believe it could."

There was a momentary silence, during which she leaned across the tea-tray and laid her hands on his.

"It will be hard on you, poor Stephen, at the age when you thought you saw leisure ahead."

"I don't mind that. Perhaps it has come as a lesson to a man not to slack at fifty," he said with an effort and a look of relief.

"I don't consider that you have slacked," she said clearly. "Assure me one point, Stephen. There is nothing dishonorable or—or—to be ashamed of."

"Oh, nothing," he hastened to assure her with a voice which left her in no doubt. "For myself, I don't mind. It is of you I am thinking of, Emmy. As I crossed the fields I was trying to picture you back in Tulse Hill."

"Oh, we shan't go there," she answered with a little quiver in her voice. "We'll just go around the corner from Pinfold into the cottage. I don't want to leave this neigh-

borhood, Stephen. I love it, and so do all the children. We'll let it on lease, and if—if we never can come back to live in it we shall not be quite cut off."

Stephen Brand listened in an amazement that was profound, and was so moved that for the space of a minute he could not speak.

"Emmy, you are a wonderful woman! Not a word of reproach or grumbling. You just step into the breach and begin to legislate for me afresh. I—I can't bear it. In its way it's worse than the other sort of a thing would be."

A tremor crossed her face then, and something veiled her eyes. The smile, however, at the last wavered through.

"You have been a good husband to me, Stephen. I have had a happy life. And you have given me these dear children, who, please God, will not fail us now. How, how—dared you expect me to be different?"

He had dared. He dared more now; he rose and took her in his arms, and it was as if the years rolled back and they were sweethearting again in the Hampshire woods, with all of life before them. When blushing like any school girl, Emmy Brand released herself and stepped back to her chair, she took up with a tender, somewhat lingering, hand the old book with the silver corners.

"Listen, darling," she said, and there was a new note in her voice and a new light in her eyes which made a new heaven for the man to whom they belonged, "just before you came in I was getting a word for myself. Something had troubled me all day. I know now; it was you away in the city facing your lonely batle, and this is the comfort I got. I ass it opn to you."

"He hath strengthened the bars of the gates, He hath blessed thy children within thee.
He maketh peace in thy borders, and fillest thee with the finest of the wheat."

"It is the finest of the wheat that is left, Stephen," was her final word.

—British Weekly.

A LITTLE DIPLOMACY.

As Mr. Canton looked down at his waistcoat he discovered that it lacked a button. "And I asked my wife to sew it on more firmly last night," he said to his commuter neighbor in the train. "I don't see how she forgot it."

"Don't ever ask her to mend anything," said his friend. "I learned a better way before I'd been married a year. When I want anything mended, say a shirt, for instance, I take it under my arm, all mussed up, and open the closet door, and sing out to my wife, 'Where's the rag bag, Peggy?'

" 'What do you want of the rag bag?' she'll ask me.

" 'O, I thought I'd throw this away,' I tell her, and squeeze it a little tighter under my arm.

" 'Let me see what you have there,' she'll say, and I'll mutter something about 'worn-out old thing!' while I hand it over to her.

" 'Why, James Holland!' she'll say, when she's spread it out and looked it over in a hurry. 'I am surprised at you! This is perfectly good. It doesn't need a single thing except—' And then and there she sits down to mend it, looking as if I'd made her a present."—Youth's Companion.

Knicker—"Are you cutting down expenses?" Mrs. Knicker—"Yes; I am paying only half the bills."—Puck.

Our Young People

AUNT MARIA'S STORY.

"This is such a wet, rainy day," Judy sighed, her nose pressed flat against the sitting-room window. "I guess the geese are happy today," she added, as a big gander went waddling by with a funny air of importance.

Judy was visiting in the country, and she longed to explore the delights of the orchard and barn instead of having the rain keep her a prisoner in the house.

Aunt Maria smiled. "Judy," she said, "did you ever hear of the goose that saved the pig?"

Judy shook her head. "It sounds like a story," she said wisely, and brought her rocking chair close to her aunt's.

"It is," Aunt Maria answered. "I'll tell you about it while I shell peas." So this is the story she told as the peas went rattling into the big tin pan and the rain splashed and spattered against the window.

"Once, long, long ago" (Judy sighed delightedly), "my grandmother went with her husband and two little girls to live in a place where there were only woods and no neighbors for miles around. And grandfather had to work very had to cut down the trees and make a place to plant his corn and flax, so that he could have food and clothing for his family.

"And grandmother worked hard in the house, baking and sweeping and spinning, and teaching her little girls to read and write and sew. She had to teach them because there wasn't any school where they could go.

"And they had a horse and cow and pig, and some little wee piggies, and some geese and a funny, important old gander. And he and the pig were very good friends.

"One day, when grandfather was cutting down a tree, it fell before he could get out of the way, and came crashing down across his leg. He had to lie there four hours before he could make grandmother hear him, and come to help. And, when she did, I don't know how she and the little girls ever got the tree off his leg; bu tthey did, and some way they managed to get him into the house.

"Then grandmother bound up his leg and made him as comfortable as she could. While she was doing that, the little girls cooked some supper, for grandmother must ride at once for the doctor, to set grandfather's leg, and it was already growing dusk.

"She was afraid in the woods, too, when it grew dark; but she was a brave woman, and she knew it had to be done.

"Just before the supper was ready, a terrible squawking and hissing began out at the shed, and then stamping and squealing and a dreadful groan; but above it all she could hear the gander.

"Grandmother snatched up the rifle and hurried to the door to see what was causing the commotion, for quite often wildcats came prowling around. But this was no wildcat, July; this was a big bear!" (Judy gasped.)

"Grandmother screamed and ran right out. She forgot to be afraid. She was thinking of the poor animals inside the shed and the little tender pigs nearest the door.

"But, as she came closer, she saw the strangest sight! There was the old gander defending his friend, the pig! He kept just out of reach of the bear's paws, but he

hissed and squawked and beat the air with his powerful wings until the bear didn't know what to do, because, no matter which way he turned, there was the gander.

"When he heard grandmother he turned; but, just as he took a step toward her, growling with rage, grandmother fired, and down he went, a great furry heap. Grandfather and the little girls were pretty glad when she came running back, and they found she wasn't hurt. And weren't they surprised when she said she had killed a bear!

"In the midst of all their talk and excitement, the man who lived beyond them in the woods rode up. He was on his way to the little settlement; and, when he heard about grandfather's accident, he rode away very fast to bring the doctor. So grandmother didn't have to take the long, lonesome ride through the forest. And, when the doctor came, he brought a young man to work for grandmother until grandfather's leg was well."

"And what did they do with the bear?" Judy asked, eagerly.

"He made them lots of good meals," Aunt Maria answered; "for bear meat is good, you know And they made a lovely rug out of his skin. "Don't you think, Judy, that the gander was a brave old fellow to fight so hard for the pig?"

Judy nodded absently, and walked to the window. Absalom, the gander, was still parading in the rain. Judy watched him a moment, then turned quickly.

"But, auntie," she said earnestly, "he saved the horse and cow and the little piggies, too."

Her auntie nodded.

"And grandfather and grandmother and the two little girls?"

"I shouldn't wonder," Aunt Maria said.—The Journal and Messenger.

THE LITTLE FLOWER SEED.

Listen, what was that?

Why,it sounds like a little sniff! There it is again!

It comes from that little flower-pot, that has nothing in it—at least, nothing but some dirt.

Dirt, indeed! Why, sure enough, a little flower seed was planted in that pot,and—there's that sniff again. "It's a great big shame!" I heard a tiny bit of a voice say, "that's all there is to it!"

"They stick me down here in the dirt, and then forget me, and never once think I get thirsty!" And the little flower seed sniffed again. Could it be crying?

"If you'l hurry up and sprout, so they could see you, it would remind them to water you," said the Red Geranium.

"Well, I'm doing my best," replied the little seed. "I've split my seed, and have put my hands out, and—"

"Your roots, do you means?" interrupted a fern.

"No, my hands, and I'm holding on to the earth as hard as ever I can with them," snapped the seed.

"But how can I put up my shoots and grow, if they won't help me? I'll die of thirst," it added.

Poor little seed; its soil was hard and dry all around it—it certainly could not grow that way.

But the next day it was watered. Dear me! how it did drink, and drink, and the water bubbled and gurgled as it soaked down in the pot.

I'll tell you, that little seed felt good, and it also felt so strong it pushed its little green nose right up through the earth.

And it peeped up at Red Geranium at its side—so this was the world? My! but it was nice to be out of the dark earth.

"I'm glad now I just held on, and wouldn't die," the little seed said to itself; "it pays, after all, to have patience," it added.

Well, this little seed wasn't a little seed any longer, for it grew and grew, and now that it had at last pushed up, it was not forgotten.

"Just as I told you," said Red Geranium. "It is your own fault if we are forgotten and passed over. If we make ourselves worthy of notice, we will get it.

"Just look at my gorgeous red blossoms," he continued. "How could any one pass me by, when I do my very best and grow such beauties?"

How could they, indeed?

But the little seed had learned its lesson, and it tried its hardest to grow and thrive, for was this not a most beautiful world, and was it not nice to be able to help add to its beauty?

And it did, for one day there was a yellow blossom proudly holding up its head, and then another, and another, and they all were the children of that little discouraged seed!

But it wasn't a seed any longer; it was a plant, if you please, of beauty and importance, because it had decided it would be ashamed to be in this lovely world and not do its share in beautifying it.—Helen B. Bell, in Child's Gem.

THE BLUEBIRD'S COLOR.

The friendship between the robin and the bluebird is accounted for in an old legend.

When the robin, filled with pity for the suffering Lord, bore him drops of water as he hung upon the cross a little brown bird thought:

"O, I too love Him! Why can I not do something to ease his pain?"

So she made a cup out of a leaf and, filling it with water, met the robin and gave it to him so that he would not have to fly so far as he returned for more of the cooling liquid. And when at last he came with news that the Lord was dead she bathed his bleeding breast that was wounded by cruel thorns.

Then the master of the birds said to the little brown bird: "Because you loved the Lord and would have helped him you shall henceforth wear a coat the color of the one his mother wears."

And that is why this little brown bird has ever since then been a little blue bird and is never far away from the robin when he comes in the spring. This will be something to think of when a bit of blue flies between you and the sun and you know Our Lady's bird has come.

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